Did forfait (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which hee ſtood ſeaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Againſt the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,
Had hee beene vanquiſher; as by the ſame comart,
And carriage of the articles deſeigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, young *Fortinbraſſe*
Of vnimproued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a liſt of lawleſſe reſolutes
For food and diet to ſome enterpriſe
That hath a ſtomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our ſtate
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The ſource of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen ſo;
Well may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt *Iulius* fell
The graues ſtood tennantleſſe, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueake and gibber in the Romane ſtreets
As ſtarres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Diſaſters in the Sunne; and the moiſt ſtarre,
Vpon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empier ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doomeſday with eclipſe.
And euen the like precurſe of fearce euents
As harbingers preceading ſtill the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonſtrated
Vnto our Climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But ſoft, behold, lo where it comes
Ile croſſe it though it blaſt mee: ſta
If thou haſt any ſound or vſe of voi
Speake to mee, if there be any goo
That may to thee doe eaſe and grac
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy contryes fat
Which happily foreknowing may a
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt vphoorded in thy lif
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft
Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake, ſtop it

Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my pa
Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone,
We doe it wrong being ſo Maieſtic
To offer it the ſhowe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mo

Bar. It was about to ſpeake when
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guil
Vpon a fearefull ſummons; I haue h
The Cock that is the trumpet to the
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſound
Awake the God of day, and at his w
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or ayr
Th'extrauagant and erring ſpirit hye
To his confine, and of the truth heer
This preſent obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing o
Some ſay that euer gainſt that ſeaſon
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celeb
This bird of dawning ſingeth all nig
And then they ſay no ſpirit dare ſtur
The nights are wholſome, then no p
No fairy takes, nor witch hath powe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22277) LONDON, 1611 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e. 13)